Textile Union Strife—*Ralph Lowenstein*

THE Nation

April 26, 1952

I'd Prefer Bill Douglas

BY FRED RODELL

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Dam the Floods!

BY RICHARD G. BAUMHOFF

*

Germany: Unity, Not Uniforms

BY CAROLUS

*

A Priest Defends Civil Rights

A SERMON BY FATHER JOHN J. McCULLEN

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AROUND THE U. S. A.

Free Speech Wins

Red Bank, N. J.

PRIOR to last February 17, few of the 15,000 residents of this prosperous Monmouth County business center had ever heard of Dr. Theodore Brameld, professor of philosophy at New York University's College of Education. But by the time he got around to delivering his talk on the "Moral and Spiritual Values in Our Public Schools" some six weeks later, he had become Red Bank's most controversial figure in many years.

Curiously enough, what provoked the controversy was the desperate desire of the Red Bank Board of Education to avoid one. The story began late last winter, when the board invited Dr. Brameld to address a teachers' "in-service" program on February 21. But four days before the talk was scheduled to take place, five members of the nine-man board met in special session—it was a Sunday morning—and decided to cancel it. Stanley Haviland, whose term as president of the board was about to expire, explained to reporters that the board was in receipt of information to the effect that Dr. Brameld "had associated himself voluntarily, or involuntarily, with persons, organizations, and institutions regarded as anti-American." Mr. Haviland added: "The appointment with Dr. Brameld has aroused so much controversy in town it is felt for the best interest of the public that he not appear."

It turned out that the chief witness against the professor was Mrs. Henry DeLand Strack, of the neighboring borough of Little Silver, who presented to the board at its special Sunday meeting certain documentary evidence on Dr. Brameld, most of it gleaned from the 1949 Tenney report to the California legislature. The New York educator was charged, among other things, with having attended the "cultural conference" at the Waldorf-Astoria in 1949 and having been a member of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions, the American League Against War and Fascism, and the Board of Directors of the Bureau for Intercultural Education.

Dr. Brameld learned of the cancellation of his speech not from the board, but from reporters. He immediately called the Red Bank school authorities to ask for a chance to state his case. He was told the authorities had tried to reach him the day before the special meeting to ask him to appear, but could not locate him. Dr. Brameld vows he was home all day.

Red Bankers learned of what had occurred from their local morning newspapers of February 18. It soon became apparent that the board's hope of avoiding "controversy" had proved abortive, to say the least. When it met that evening to install Edmund J. Canzona as president to succeed Mr. Haviland, more than seventy-five persons—most of them mad as hatters over what had happened—crowded into the meeting room in the Red Bank High School. Mr. Canzona, gallantly taking over the torch of nonfreedom from his predecessor, tried to appease the objectors by insisting that "we haven't labeled anyone a Communist or a leftist; we didn't feel it proper to have a controversy."

"Well, what have you got?" asked someone in the audience.

In any case, the board refused to reconsider its decision, but it hadn't reckoned with an organization known as the Red Bank Ministerium, which is composed of fourteen clergymen and Y. M. C. A. leaders of Red Bank and its vicinity. The Ministerium issued a sharp attack on the board members:

> Their action was contrary to the best interests of the church, which is surely deemed one of the bulwarks against communism. It seems an anomaly that the meeting was convened on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock—the hour at which the adherents of Christianity should be in attendance at church. . . .

The clergymen commended the board for "its zeal in its efforts to combat communism," but added: "The board stands in just condemnation for the tactics which they utilized in the cancellation of the speaker."

With the support of many independent-minded Red Bankers, the Ministerium worked on plans to hear Dr. Brameld with or without the Board of Education's approval. Katharine Elkus White, Red Bank's first woman Mayor and daughter of a former United States Ambassador to Turkey, offered the clergymen the use of Borough Hall for the Brameld talk. The offer was accepted on condition that efforts to have the educator appear on a public-school platform failed. At one stage it looked as if the Ministerium would win total victory: it got the board to agree to permit the professor to talk at the Mechanic Street School. But at the last minute a newspaper in a neighboring town headlined a story, "Board on the Spot," which said that the board was about to submit to "pressure" and reverse its decision. This made board members so angry they reversed their planned reversal and finally and irrevocably closed all school doors to Dr. Brameld.

But the doors of Borough Hall remained open, and on April 3 the New York educator appeared before a capacity crowd, while many who couldn't get into the small hall heard his speech broadcast from WJLK's local studio. In the course of his talk, Dr. Brameld said: "I am against the Russian system of education. The Russian system is not education; but indoctrination." Then, in answer to a question posed from the floor by one of his antagonists, Dr. Brameld said: "I don't know of anything of much importance in a democracy that is not controversial." Many in the audience wondered whether members of the Board of Education were listening.

LEON ZUCKERMAN

[*Leon Zuckerman works on the Asbury Park (N. J.)* Press.]

Next Week's *Nation*

Lord Boyd Orr, former head of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (F. A. O), who played a leading role at the recent International Economic Conference in Moscow, gives his impressions of the conference in an article prepared exclusively for *The Nation*.

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

THE THREAT OF SOME REPUBLICAN SENATORS to organize a "bipartisan" move to impeach the President is not likely to get far. Its only effect, especially in this election year, would be to solidify the broken ranks of the Democrats and prevent any honest discussion of Mr. Truman's seizure of the steel mills. The idea will probably fizzle out, while the steel industry and its irate defenders in Congress concentrate their heaviest fire on Secretary Sawyer's order raising steel workers' wages. But the constitutional issue itself is a real and serious one which should not be lost in the fog of self-interested, self-righteous propaganda now blanketing it. *The Nation* regards the President's act as an unwise use of the executive power. Justification for it would have to be found in a national emergency so extreme as to override ordinary democratic procedures. But if such an emergency existed—a claim we should certainly challenge—it should be recognized by Congress and special powers be granted the President. This has not happened; it would be hard to imagine it happening. Even the President's war powers, which expired with the signing of the Japanese peace treaty, were not broad enough to cover the seizure of industrial plants. In the light of these facts it seems to us that Mr. Truman made two serious mistakes: he exaggerated the crisis and exaggerated even more the "inherent powers" with which the Constitution has invested him. This view was strengthened by the President's suggestion that he might similarly seize newspapers or radio stations if such an act was "for the best interests of the country." Put plainly, we don't like the arbitrary exercise of executive authority even to force a just settlement of a labor dispute or to prevent a strike in steel.

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MEANWHILE ELLIS R. ARNALL, DIRECTOR OF Price Stabilization, has done an excellent job of refuting the steel companies' claims and charges. In two energetic statements Mr. Arnall repeated his assertion that the companies could absorb cost increases amounting to around a billion dollars or $13.60 a ton, more than twice the amount of the recommended wage increase. Allowing a $3 price increase under the Capehart amendment, the average net profit per ton for the proposed contract period of eighteen months, under the government's wage recommendation, would come to about $17—compared to the average of $11 during "the very prosperous pre-Korean base period." Mr. Arnall flatly rejected the industry's claim that profits *after taxes* should be used as a basis of calculation. This, he pointed out, would require in "simple justice" that "personal taxes should be included in measuring changes in living costs, and that workers would therefore be entitled to correspondingly larger cost-of-living adjustments in their pay." (Here is a thought that may have escaped the steel bosses.) On any basis of computation the favorable situation of the companies is evident. The April *Letter* of the National City Bank, for example, reporting on fifty-three iron and steel companies, shows that while net profits after taxes dropped by 12 per cent from 1950 to 1951, the companies still made 12.3 per cent on their net assets last year, a loss of only 3 per cent over 1950. Moreover, steel did better in 1951 than industry as a whole; the profits of 3,409 leading corporations of all kinds averaged 11.4 per cent, as compared with 13.4 per cent in 1950. These figures should be borne in mind when listening to the outraged protests of steel men and Senators over Mr. Sawyer's wage increase and Mr. Arnall's recalcitrance on the subject of prices.

✶

THE BASQUE DELEGATION IN NEW YORK IS to be commended for having submitted the case of the prisoners in Vitoria to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. This is an effective counter to the pro-Franco propaganda in this country which would like to convince Americans that the only enemies of the Spanish dictator are the "reds." The arrested workers of Vitoria, whose single offense was participation in the hunger-inspired strike of last spring, are for the most part Catholics. Their coming trial is already arousing strong feeling in Catholic circles inside and outside Spain. But other interesting developments have brought the Spanish issue again into the foreground. The State Department has felt itself obliged to suggest to the mayor of Madrid, a known Falangist, that he would do well to give up his official visit to New York, where various unions and anti-Franco organizations were prepared to picket and generally harass him. No doubt the department had been informed of what happened to the Spanish Ballet, whose appearance in Paris at the Théâtre Chaillot was the object

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of a hostile demonstration organized largely by Spanish Republicans which many Frenchmen joined. In this connection we want to endorse the action of Jacob S. Potofsky, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, who resigned as a director of the New York City Center because of the decision to send the New York City Ballet to Spain. In the cancellation of the visit of Madrid's mayor we have evidence of what organized democratic protest can accomplish.

*

THE OTHER DAY ELIA KAZAN, NOTED STAGE and movie director, confessed to the Un-American Activities Committee that he had been a member of the Communist Party for a short time in the '30's, and then went on to incriminate a number of his former associates, including one who was dead and could not defend himself. The next day Mr. Kazan, in a performance unique even for our unique era, paraphrased part of his testimony in a newspaper advertisement which must have put him considerably out of pocket if not out of conscience. A man must want to make moving pictures very much indeed to be willing so to degrade himself in public. Mr. Kazan cannot justify what he did on the grounds that he was saving his country from peril; all that he told happened a long time ago, and none of those he incriminated—according to his own statement—were engaged, so far as he knew, in espionage of any kind. Mr. Kazan is himself a victim, of course, of a devilish conspiracy to rob us of our integrity; we may shortly reach the point where the orgy of confessions and denunciations which characterized the Soviet spy trials will no longer mystify us, as they have done for two decades. But one would have thought that Mr. Kazan, who in his time has made a good deal of money, not to speak of many good pictures, would have found the courage to withstand the pressures on him, even if it meant being kicked out of Hollywood. After all, "The Informer" has already been filmed; even the redoubtable Mr. Kazan could hardly improve upon it.

*

THE MISSOURI AND THE MISSISSIPPI ARE once again making a contemptuous comment on our failure to tame them—a task certainly not beyond the capacity of the American people. The TVA has demonstrated how a great river can be brought under control and its water employed to create wealth and life instead of death and destruction. But as Richard G. Baumhoff shows in an article on page 398, appeals to false economy and the rivalries of vested interests, public and private, have prevented the application of this lesson to the Missouri Valley. Much money has been spent piecemeal fashion and often with good results: the present flood would have been still more serious if the great Fort Peck dam had not been built to hold back the swollen

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waters of the Milk River. But clearly nothing less than a fully integrated plan which takes into account flood control, navigation, power development, irrigation, and soil conservation will make the Missouri Valley safe and able to reach its full economic potentialities. As the President said on returning from his inspection flight over the flood area, it is time "to stop fooling around" and get action. In addition to needling Congress to provide more funds for construction and to pass flood-insurance legislation, Mr. Truman is reported as ready to adopt the Hoover Commission's proposal to take river navigation and flood control away from the Army Engineer Corps and concentrate it in the hands of the Reclamation Bureau of the Department of the Interior. This move would eliminate much costly inter-agency rivalry, but if Reclamation is to justify the added responsibilities it will have to improve on its record of recent years. In any case this reorganization will not solve the Missouri Valley problem. The need there is still for an independent authority, representative of both national and regional interests.

*

NOTHING COULD BE MORE TIMELY THAN Father McCullen's statement on page 397 of this issue: "No one should be convicted of Communist sympathies on the word of a former Communist, unless proof is available to substantiate the charge." Louis Budenz, whose testimony as an informer has been given an aura of credibility by Catholic sponsorship, has provided a glimpse of the golden harvests that can be reaped these days by the voluble ex-Communists whose religious convictions do not include an overly sensitive appreciation of the Commandment about bearing false witness. In the last seven years Mr. Budenz has, by his own account, picked up loose change totaling $71,000 for various writings, lectures, and denunciations in many of which he has sought to incriminate other persons. Average annual earnings of $10,000 are not remarkable in a season of inflation; but they are large enough, all the same, to suggest that the ex-Communist who denounces his former colleagues, and falsely denounces those who were never his colleagues, often does so to his personal financial advantage. We commend to Mr. Budenz the final sentences of Father McCullen's sermon: "Every Catholic—especially the Catholic writer—should be distinguished by a love of justice and freedom and by a spirit of charity in his writings. Only in this way can we give testimony to the great truth which is ours to give to the world."

*

BOLIVIA MUST BE WATCHED ATTENTIVELY to see whether the courageous masses that won their bloody rebellion against the ruling military junta are to be loyally served by the new regime or betrayed, as so often happens in Latin America. The revolt was remarkable precisely because victory was achieved by civilians fighting in the streets after the military leaders who launched the action had given up the struggle as lost. The casualties have been estimated at more than 1,000 dead—a terrible toll for an uprising in a small country. Uncertainty about the aftermath stems from the personality and political position of Victor Paz Estenssoro, whose return to Bolivia from his Argentine exile was welcomed with disquieting shouts of "Long Live Paz Estenssoro!" and "Long Live Perón!" The new president shared power in a regime which was overthrown by another popular uprising in 1946. His relations with Perón are supposed to be friendly and his rule may well represent that mixture of dictatorship and demagogic appeal to the masses that characterize the Argentine regime. Paz Estenssoro's first act was to be the appointment of a commission to study the nationalization of tin, Bolivia's main source of wealth. The people apparently intend to see that their new president yields them the fruits of their revolution. Led by the tin miners, the Bolivian workers have united to press for nationalization not only of the mines, but of the railroads; their program also includes agrarian reform. How will Paz Estenssoro, who owes his position to these workers, treat their demands?

*

OUR GOOD WISHES GO TO JUDSON KING, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. Few Americans have had more to do with establishing and vindicating the vital principles of our brand of democracy than Mr. King. His is one of the great names in the conservation movement; in the history of the fight to secure the initiative, referendum, and recall; and in furthering the cause of public ownership. In these times it is a pleasure to recall the fact that he was also one of the leaders in the successful fight to curb the witch-hunting propensities of Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer. Would that more members of the younger generation of American liberals had Mr. King's courage and energy!

Trouble for the Parties

GOVERNOR ADLAI E. STEVENSON'S decision not to seek the Democratic nomination—a decision to be regretted on all counts—gives added emphasis to the possibility that this campaign may strike many American voters as meaningless. The people can decide issues only when they are offered reasonably clear-cut choices. As long as Roosevelt's leadership dominated the Democratic Party, the people were offered a choice on vital foreign and domestic issues. In 1948 the candidacy of Henry Wallace helped to maintain the Democratic Party as a real alternative to the Republican-Dixiecrat coalition by forcing Truman to resist the Dixiecrats. But the Presi-

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dent has since so dissipated the Roosevelt heritage that the coalition now threatens outright capture of both parties.

In the Democratic Party the pattern is clear. Today neither labor nor the liberals nor the minorities (notably Negroes) have a feasible alternative to the Democratic Party. The dominant blocs in the Democratic convention will be the two that have the greatest bargaining power: the Southern Bourbons and the city bosses most strongly influenced by Catholic power. Now that President Truman has withdrawn, the differences between these elements can be reconciled without too much trouble. Cardinal Spellman and James Byrnes are in basic agreement on foreign policy and Chairman Frank McKinney has already projected a plan by which the explosive civil-rights issue may be compromised before the convention. Not only are both blocs subject to much the same economic controls, but there is a natural affinity between the leaders. It was Senator James Eastland of Mississippi who started the clamor for concentration camps and J. Howard McGrath who authorized their construction.

The difficulties in the way of nominating a liberal at Chicago were clearly foreshadowed in McKinney's statement on April 7 in which he "warned" Governor Stevenson that no one could get to the White House unless he was "willing to work for it." Other party leaders joined the chorus of "warnings," including Robert B. Blaikie, insurgent Tammany leader, who told the Governor that his testimony in the Hiss trial would be used against him if he sought the nomination. In the short interval between the President's withdrawal and Governor Stevenson's decision not to seek the nomination it had been made fairly clear that someone like Senator Paul Douglas would be a more acceptable nominee to the Southern Bourbons—Senator Russell Long of Louisiana had already proposed him—and to the cleric-advised bosses of the Northern city machines. Any candidate acceptable to the leaders of these dominant blocs would have to take a position on foreign and most domestic issues that would be hard to distinguish from the views, say, of General Eisenhower. Senator Douglas, for example, had actually proposed General Eisenhower as the Democratic nominee at a Jefferson Day dinner in Los Angeles in January. Almost to the degree, therefore, that these blocs are appeased, the Democrats will cease to offer the people a real choice on issues and candidates.

The same pressures have begun to be felt, in a somewhat different way, in the Republican Party. No matter whom the Republicans nominate, the party strategy will be to break the Solid South; and to do this the door must be kept open to the Dixiecrats. The Republicans might be tempted to try to recapture the Negro vote were it not for two considerations. Recent elections have shown that where, for example, a proposed FEPC ordinance is on the ballot for approval or rejection, the Democrats will tend to divide, whereas the Republicans will unite in opposition. In the last analysis, moreover, the Republicans cannot afford to become the champions of civil rights. Most Negroes belong to the working class and have come increasingly to identify their interests with the interests of labor as a whole. Just as the Democrats should expel the Dixiecrats but feel that they cannot afford to, so the Republicans should recapture the Negro vote but fear that the price would be too high. The Republicans have also begun to feel the pressure of Catholic power. If the Democrats are haunted by McCarran, the Republicans are worried by McCarthy. Somehow the Republicans must cut into the second-generation European-immigrant vote in the urban centers of the North, which is largely a Catholic vote, just as they must break the Solid South.

The fact that both major parties are in danger of being captured by the same forces creates an opportunity for the Democrats if they will seize it. If the Democrats want to win in November, they will try to find a candidate like Justice William O. Douglas who would challenge any nominee the Republicans might select on both foreign and domestic issues. Unfortunately Justice Douglas is not a candidate and now Governor Stevenson has taken himself out of the running. But the popular response to Senator Kefauver's engagingly direct and unconventional campaigning gives promise that, if given a clear-cut platform, he would make a strong nominee.

As though in anticipation of a Dixiecrat victory at Chicago, the Stars and Bars flutters today from army tents in Korea and rooftops all over the South; the Dixie Division marches in Confederate uniforms and schoolboys from coast to coast have succumbed to the "rebellion" by buying Confederate army caps. The Old South is on the march. The likelihood that the Bourbons can dictate conditions at the Democratic convention can no longer be dismissed as fantastic. Events have created a special opportunity for them, which they have been quick to sense and are well prepared to exploit. On the other hand, the liberal elements of the former Roosevelt coalition seem to be living in a political dream world; many of them have yet to realize that the New Deal is dead and that the Fair Deal was still-born. A new political world is emerging, with new issues, relationships, dimensions, and the voters are well ahead of the politicians of both parties in their awareness of this fact. In an editorial in our issue of April 5 (Mr. Truman Steps Aside), we pointed out that there were difficulties in the way of nominating Governor Stevenson which his backers did not sense. We have elaborated on these difficulties in this statement in the hope that the liberal elements of the Roosevelt coalition will recognize the necessity of securing unity now on a strategy and program for the Democratic convention in July.

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A Priest Defends Civil Rights

BY JOHN J. McCULLEN

The following sermon was delivered on March 30 by the Reverend John McCullen of St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church, Fremont, Ohio. A graduate of the University of Notre Dame, Father McCullen has been curate at St. Ann's for the last five years. The sermon was apparently inspired by an attack on Justice William O. Douglas which appeared in a Catholic publication.

The Nation *has rarely published sermons but we publish this one with genuine pleasure and also as a public service. It is an excellent and timely statement on an issue of great importance. But there is special significance in its insistence on the proposition that "Catholics should be foremost among all groups in the United States in supporting civil rights for all." Father McCullen's is doubtless a minority point of view among American Catholics; but it is in line with the tradition that includes such memorable statements as the address given in 1947 by Cardinal Stritch at the Chicago dinner in observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Peter Altgeld—an occasion on which Cardinal Stritch shared the program with Justice Douglas.*

THE people of the United States have at last become alarmed about the menace of Communist infiltration within our borders. This awareness, which is a very good thing in itself, creates another danger. There is a real danger today that in our zeal to ferret out and expose the hidden Communist agent and spy we will adopt methods of our opponents and seem to act on the false principles of the Communists themselves. We may destroy the liberty we cherish if we try to defend it in the wrong way. We must uphold our traditional American civil rights which are the legal foundations of our liberty. We must maintain the right of all citizens to be free from unfounded and libelous attack, even those citizens with whom we disagree or whom we may suspect.

We Catholics should be foremost among all groups in the United States in supporting civil rights for all. Unfortunately many Catholic voices have been silent in that cause. Our religious belief obligates us to advocate social justice for all, and civil rights—the rights of all to a fair trial and to enjoy the freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution—are a fundamental part of social justice. Beyond this general reason there is the practical consideration that we are a minority group—in some parts of the United States a very small minority. As a minority we have a personal stake in America remaining the land of the free; if the liberties of any group are to be curtailed, we may be next on the list.

These reflections are caused by articles in Catholic newspapers and magazines and by talks given in various Catholic-sponsored forums. The tendency of these articles and lectures is to brand anyone who disagrees with the majority opinion as a Communist, or at least a Communistic sympathizer. Many of these talks and articles come directly or indirectly from ex-Communists. This is a source which should be regarded with considerable reserve. No one should be convicted of Communist sympathies on the word of a former Communist unless proof is available to substantiate the charge.

An example of unsupported charges of a serious nature was the articles in many Catholic newspapers suggesting that Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas sympathizes with communism because he has several times ruled in court in favor of Communists or alleged Communists. A more charitable explanation of the Justice's action would be that he believed everyone should have a right to a fair trial, and the right to hold the belief that is his, even if that person be suspected of communism. All of the cases in which the Justice ruled in favor of "radicals" were civil-rights cases—that is, these cases concerned the right of the accused to have a fair trial or to exercise some other civil right.

American history provides an interesting parallel to the action of Justice Douglas. John Altgeld, who was Governor of Illinois around the turn of the century, released several anarchists from prison because they had not had a fair trial. For this action the Governor was driven from public life. Today we realize that he was right, that he was a martyr to the principle that even the most unpopular individual is deserving of all the rights of a citizen.

In many civil-rights cases which came up before his death, Justice Frank Murphy, the last Catholic to sit on the supreme bench, sided with the view of Justice Douglas; both men have been outstanding advocates of civil liberty. That is not to say that these men were always right in their opinions—that is why we have nine judges on the Supreme Court rather than one. But we should not accuse these high officials of evil when there is a more just and more logical explanation for their decisions. We certainly need men with a passion for the liberties and freedom of the individual in a world where big business, big labor, and big government all tend to deprive men of their rights.

The Eighth Commandment—Thou shalt not lie—forbids us to make statements damaging to the reputation of others unless we can prove these statements. No Senator,

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no lecturer, no writer is exempted from that commandment. It is a cowardly and shameful thing to smear any man—and especially any public official—with charges which are unproved and unprovable. If the policy of an official has been a mistake, it should be changed; but that does not give us the right to say that the official was dishonest or disloyal. If a man in public life has been praised by the Communists—as Justice Douglas has occasionally been—we should check to see how often these same Communists have bitterly criticized him before we conclude that he is the friend of our enemies. Every Catholic—especially the Catholic writer—should be distinguished by a love of justice and freedom and by a spirit of charity in his writings. Only in this way can we give testimony to the great truth which is ours to give to the world.

Dam the Missouri Floods!

BY RICHARD G. BAUMHOFF

St. Louis, Missouri

STAGGERING Loss in Flood Reported"—"500,000 Displaced, Great Flood Moves into the Missouri"—"Project to Curb Missouri Basin Spurred by Latest Disaster"—"Truman Inspects Flood from Air, Calls It Nation's Worst Disaster."

These are not today's headlines. They are taken from the newspapers of the third week in July, 1951. As inexorably as spring thaws follow winter snows in the Rockies where it rises, the Missouri bursts its banks and spreads desolation. And always the floods "spur" projects which never seem to get completed, and Presidential flights over the Big Muddy become almost as commonplace as his cruises on the Potomac.

Why is this situation permitted to continue year after year? Lack of money, or unwillingness to spend it, is only part of the answer. Involved also are questions of prestige and control, of states' rights vs. regional rights, of regional rights vs. federal rights, of interdepartmental jealousies, and—inevitably—the issue of public versus private electric power. The result has been that, while several large dams have been built and several more are planned, no over-all blueprint for the salvation of this one-sixth part of the nation's area has yet been agreed upon. Of committees, councils, and commissions, the Missouri Valley basin has more than enough; what it needs are more dams, levees, run-off and irrigation systems, and power plants.

At the moment, the following major bodies are involved in various types of Missouri-basin planning:

1. A new Missouri Basin Survey Commission, created by executive order of President Truman, is beginning work on a report scheduled for completion at the beginning of 1953. Meanwhile the powerful House Appropriations Committee, headed by Representative Clarence Cannon of Missouri, has been refusing to provide money to start any new basin projects until the survey commission's report is ready.

2. The moribund Regional Committee for a Missouri Valley Authority (to be modeled after the TVA), encouraged by the creation of the survey commission, is seeking money from liberal sources to renew its activities.

3. The Missouri River States Committee, comprising the governors and technical aides from the ten states of the basin region, has authorized the Council of State Governments to draft a big-scale interstate compact in the hope of providing a new type of basin management.

4. The President's old Water Resources Policy Commission recently published the final section of its report calling for legislation creating a system of fifteen river-basin commissions for the major regions of the nation, including one for the Missouri.

5. The Federal Bureau of the Budget is moving ponderously to draw up legislation calling for its own versions of basin flood-reclamation control.

6. The Missouri Basin Interagency Committee, an unofficial coordinating body comprising the governors of the ten Missouri basin states, plus representatives of the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce, the Reclamation Bureau, the Army Engineer Corps and the Federal Security Agency, has shown surprising ability, up to a point, to resolve controversies and achieve cooperation. Under its aegis, more than a billion dollars has been spent on basin projects since World War II. But the body has no official executive authority, and even some of its own members are already worrying about who shall have the right to turn the water on and off at the dams once they are built.

This amazingly complicated situation on what may be termed the blueprint level is paralleled, to some degree, on the operating level, where the agencies in the field—the Army Engineers, the Department of Agriculture and the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation—are fighting not only the river, but one another. Agriculture, interested primarily in soil conservation, retardation of

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run-offs and kindred measures, is wisely trying to achieve its program piecemeal. But it is meeting stiff opposition from the Army Engineers, who are also trying to hijack some of the Kansas projects of the Bureau of Reclamation on the ground that they are flood-control measures and thus properly within the province of the army.

Action on the vitally needed flood control for the lower valley—hardest hit by this year's floods—has been stalled in spite of the terrific object lesson of last year's catastrophe. New irrigation in the middle and upper valley, with only a few exceptions, has failed to materialize; high costs and a population lulled by a better-than-average rainfall in the area for the last decade have discouraged progress. At the same time, demand for power along the river grows steadily; extensive steam plants will be needed, in addition to hydroelectric plants, to assure sufficient current. But on this front, the power lobby is keeping a close watch on basin activities, and the whole struggle over what shall be done about the Missouri valley is keyed, to a surprising degree, to the issue of public vs. private power.

Drawn for The Nation *from a map by Conrey in "The Dammed Missouri Valley."*

Many of these problems were foreseen by supporters of a Missouri Valley Authority which would put essential control over basin development into the hands of the federal government. Enthusiasm for this plan was at its height in the 1940's. To ward off its adoption, Congress quietly enacted the so-called Pick-Sloan plan in 1944, a hasty amalgam of schemes worked out by the Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation. The Pick-Sloan program, enlarged and altered, became the present interagency scheme, supporters of which denounced the MVA plan as "socialistic" and involving the creation of a "super-state." MVA backers, on the other hand, would have everyone believe that its creation would work miracles overnight. Both viewpoints, of course, are nonsense; the truth lies in between.

It is this truth, presumably, which the President's new Missouri Basin Survey Commission, now beginning its work, will seek to find. The commission is empowered to hold public hearings, study present and proposed plans and, in effect, draw up a plan of its own. It consists of five laymen, three Senators and three Representatives; its chairman is James E. Lawrence, editor of the Lincoln (Nebraska) *Star*, and Senator Hennings of Missouri is vice-chairman. In general, the commission is regarded as favoring MVA concepts for developing the basin.

Aside from the intrinsic difficulties of its job, the commission faces the prospect of carrying on its work during one of the most turbulent Presidential election campaigns in history, when many of the officials with whom it must deal will be preoccupied with fences rather than rivers. Moreover, it must make its report by next January 3, on the eve of the departure from the White House of the President who created it. And no one can foretell what kind of Congress and what kind of President will be in office to receive the report.

The commission's progress will be watched with keen interest by many groups, especially by the Missouri River States Committee, which from the beginning has opposed the commission as a move to foist an "authority" over the basin, and by the MVA Regional Committee, which will try to capitalize on its work.

There is growing public realization of the need for unified, regional management of the Missouri-basin program. The real issue is the authority to be granted to such an agency. Will it be a real valley organization, subject, like the TVA, to Congress, but not to the whims of Washington bureaucracy? The statement has been made repeatedly that any new device to deal with the Missouri basin must include adequate representation and official voice for the ten states of the valley. No denial of this assertion has been heard. It may be regarded as one of the fundamentals to be incorporated into whatever plan is adopted, and in this a precedent would be set for the nation.

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I'd Prefer Bill Douglas

BY FRED RODELL

IT IS one of the tragedies of our time that William O. Douglas will not be the next President of the United States. The next President of the United States —or so every sign seems to point—will be Dwight D. Eisenhower. And the tragedy is high-lighted by even a quick comparison of the political characters of the General and the Justice—of the man who will likely be President and the man who ought to be.

The military man has long worn, like Joseph, a coat of many colors. Four years ago a group of left-of-Truman liberals wanted to draft him for the Democratic nomination; only a few months ago, a Democratic President offered him the succession on a platter; today, his Republicanism suddenly rampant, he is jubilantly backed by assorted G. O. P. stalwarts, some of whom, on domestic issues, are well to the right of Robert Taft. Indeed the General has been so cautiously noncommittal, even when he has been free to speak his political piece, that a recent series of newspaper articles, purporting to reveal his views, made headlines with such stuff as his support of democracy, free enterprise, and sound fiscal policy and his opposition to communism, corruption in government—and, presumably, the man-eating shark. An extremely able G. H. Q. administrator with a knack for negotiation and an engaging grin, Eisenhower has approached the White House with a crablike coyness as the hero whom nobody, not even Taft, hates and nobody really knows.

By striking contrast, the civilian government servant has long and courageously flaunted his political colors, hate them who will. There is no doubt where Justice Douglas stands on every important issue of our day. In his Supreme Court opinions—dishearteningly often in dissent—and increasingly in extracurricular writings and speeches, he has etched out a clear and militantly liberal political credo such as no other man high in public life can match.

Conservative and convention-bound critics of Douglas's forthright off-the-court expressions have accused him of subtly campaigning for the Presidency from the bench. The charge is doubly absurd. Again unlike Eisenhower, Douglas not only has flatly refused to run for the office but has sharply discouraged all admirers, politically potent and amateur alike, who have asked his tacit permission to stage a campaign in which he need take no part. More significantly still, and once more in telling contrast to the amiable General, the views which Douglas has been stating so strongly—in particular, his ringing defense of civil liberties at home against the onslaughts of the proliferating witch-hunt and his castigation of a military-minded foreign policy that would try to stop communism with guns (and dollars) alone—are precisely the views that no elective office-seeker in his right mind would utter in the face of the conform-or-else anti-Communist atmosphere of the times.

Yet if American liberals had to choose today the two most crucial issues on which to stand and be counted, as a matter of fighting principle and to hell with political expediency, it would be hard to get away from the exact pair Douglas has chosen: the decline of freedom at home and the dependence on naked power abroad. Moreover, Douglas is the only man of national stature who has spoken out boldly, officially, and *ex-officio* against either of these deepening dangers, much less both.

Thus, a recent darling of the down-the-line Trumanites, the clean and correct and slightly sterile Governor Stevenson, is so undeviating a devotee of the Administration's foreign policy and is so much more concerned, on the domestic front, about inflation and Washington bureaucracy than about the Bill of Rights that he might also be called, in his orthodox internationalism-plus-efficient-conservatism, a Democratic Dewey. The coon-capped Senator Kefauver, who hopes to sidle into the White House on a record of being opposed to corruption and crime, is soft on civil liberties as befits a border-state candidate and has yet to peep in mildest protest against our might-makes-right philosophy overseas. Senator Kerr, Senator Russell, Senator Douglas, Senator X—all of them blindly follow the Truman-Acheson foreign policy or worse; not one of them has talked up for freedom of speech and thought against what Justice Douglas calls "the black silence of fear" that overhangs the nation.

Next to these men with their mild, safe brands of party-line liberalism, the Justice looms up like a giant. For thirteen years now, on the Supreme Court, he has teamed with Justice Black to uphold the highest Holmes-

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Brandeis tradition of progressive judicial statesmanship. Unlike a few of his brethren, he has not lost in the easy security of the bench his strong sense of outrage at injustice.

He is frankly sympathetic to labor, to consumers, to farmers, to small business men, to small investors, and he would read and build the law, wherever possible, in their behalf; he is frankly suspicious of powerful individuals and corporate colossi who would use the law to circumvent regulation, to escape taxes, to further in myriad ways the advantage of the economically strong over the economically weak. Like Justice Brandeis, to whose seat he succeeded—and who remarked at the time, "I wanted you to be here in my place"—Douglas has been the court's top financial expert, unfooled by even the fanciest attempts at dollars-and-cents skulduggery. Impatient with petty legalisms and fusty generalities, his no-nonsense opinions, in majority or dissent, invariably reveal "an instinct for the jugular."

Justice Douglas

Of late, Douglas's judicial fire has been turned more and more frequently and forcefully against the narrowing, in the name of "national security," of the First (and Fourteenth) Amendment's freedoms. His scornful dissent in the Dennis case last term—against the Smith-act conviction of the eleven Communists whom he dubbed "miserable merchants of unwanted ideas"—ranks with the great freedom-of-speech dissents of the past. His shocked protest against the court's recent benedictions of guilt-by-association, in upholding New York's infamous Feinberg law, is as eloquent a defense of academic freedom as has ever been penned.

It is undoubtedly because his (and Justice Black's) judicial battle to save our civil liberties is a losing legal cause today—thanks to the unconcern mixed with cowardice of the Truman-Vinson court—that Douglas has carried his fight to a wider front. Through articles and speeches he has made himself the nation's foremost spokesman against "loyalty" laws, "loyalty" oaths, "loyalty" checks, "loyalty" programs, and all the apparatus which inevitably equates a frightened and stereotyped orthodoxy of thought with genuine loyalty. His faith in our fundamental freedoms is matched by his contempt for our native Communists, whose supposed threat to the nation he rates as absurd.

But no man in public life understands so well as Douglas the true threat of communism in other parts of the world. ("Bullets," he has said, "stop armies but they do not kill ideas.") His interest in Asia long predates the rather sudden concern of our policy-makers with that continent during the past decade. He was, for instance, one of the original backers of James Yen's mass-education movement for China, and he still hopes to see it restored and spread throughout the whole of Asia, and Africa as well. He has spent his past three summers in rugged trips through the Near and Far East, getting down to the grass-roots, talking to the people as few foreigners have ever done. Out of these trips have come two books (one as yet unpublished) and articles with such titles as Why We Are Losing Asia.

Here again Douglas has become the nation's foremost advocate of a dynamic instead of a static foreign policy—of an approach that would actively steer the world's underprivileged masses toward democracy, rather than resting content with attempted "containment" of communism. Almost two years before President Truman announced his Point Four plan, Douglas was publicly urging the export, throughout the world, of American technical skills and know-how, and American backing for health and education and land-reform programs—"to help other peoples to help themselves." Today, having seen on the spot how Point Four assistance, like Marshall Plan money, is too regularly restricted to ruling cliques and rarely trickles down to the people, Douglas is strong for what he calls Point Five.

Point Five would be active United States encouragement and support of revolution by the Eastern masses against their ancient landlords. Point Five would line up the United States, in the spirit of '76, in the camp of the peoples who are ripe and ready to throw off the economic subjugation of centuries. The seductive appeal of communism to such people, as Douglas knows first-hand, is its promise, however false, of land to own and no rent to pay and more food to eat. Such an appeal, says Douglas, can never be effectively countered by the military might, however necessary, and the dollar diplomacy, however free-handed, and the talk of democracy, however eloquent, on which the Truman-Acheson foreign policy stakes its all.

It is this sort of informed realism plus bold idealism that sets Douglas far apart from the crowd-pleasing, me-tooing Eisenhowers and Stevensons and Kefauvers, and that has given Douglas, throughout his career, the mark of greatness.

WHEN he went to the Supreme Court in 1939 at the age of forty—the youngest Justice in more than a century—Douglas had quite a career behind him. Born in Minnesota, the son of a poor, itinerant Presbyterian preacher; reared in the state of Washington, where he helped support his widowed mother while working his

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way through school and college with a rag-tag succession of jobs that ranged from newsboy to berry-picker to window-washer to sheep-herder; graduated from Columbia Law School (after riding East on a freight-car to get there) number two in a class that included, much farther down in the rankings, a certain Thomas E. Dewey; rejecting the lure of a promising and lucrative Wall Street law practice to enter teaching—Douglas, aged thirty-two, his own LL.B. barely five years old, was named Sterling Professor of Law at Yale.

But Yale and teaching could not hold for long, despite Robert M. Hutchins's description of him as "the nation's outstanding law teacher," the intellectual dynamo that Douglas was—and is. He was soon dividing his time between his classes and an exhaustive investigation of corporate reorganizations for the new-born SEC—two normally full-time jobs. The brilliance of his eventual report to the SEC led President Roosevelt to appoint him a Commissioner; the tough-minded expertness of his work as Commissioner brought him elevation to the SEC chairmanship; the executive skill and courage he displayed as chairman, as in bringing the New York Stock Exchange to heel (he was rated by many as the New Deal's finest administrator), was rewarded by appointment to the Supreme Court—all this within the space of less than three years.

That Douglas's meteoric career could reach its zenith on the Supreme Court—that he would remain a Justice for twenty-five or thirty years and then retire—is something that nobody who knew the man believed, with the possible exception of Douglas himself. Yet events ever since have pointed precisely that way. When F. D. R. sounded him out for the vice-presidential nomination in 1940, Douglas made it clear he wanted to stay in his new judicial job, and Henry Wallace got the nod by default. In 1944, a Roosevelt who may well have sensed he was close to death named Douglas first as his chosen running-mate and presumable successor in the famous note he sent to the Chicago convention; but Hannegan and Hillman and Flynn, three bosses who feared Douglas's incorruptible independence, contrived—with the help of Douglas's own abstention from the arena—to put across F. D. R.'s second choice instead. The bosses were not afraid of Harry Truman.

In 1948 it was Truman himself, impressed by the spontaneous show of strength for Douglas at Philadelphia, who begged the Justice to accept the other spot on the Democratic ticket. Nor was Douglas's firm refusal based, as has been reported, on a why-bother feeling that Truman could not win; rather, it was founded on a conviction that he could serve both the country and the cause of liberalism better on the court than in the Throttlebottom job of presiding officer of the Senate.

Thus Justice Douglas, three times in a row, could have made himself the Democratic heir apparent had he so much as lifted an assenting finger in his own behalf. That finger remains unlifted still, even though the available prize this year is first, not second, place on the party ticket.

And if the Democratic nomination for President goes to somebody like Stevenson or Kefauver, or to some other comparatively inoffensive comparative second-rater, the Presidency will probably go to the equally inoffensive General Eisenhower. Meanwhile, the man who has never failed or hesitated to put principle above politics, who has spoken out in strong and splendid solitude on the big issues of our time, whose insight and courage and indigenous American liberalism are unmatched in public life today, will remain, for at least another four years, Mr. Justice Douglas.

Germany: Not Uniforms, But Unity

BY CAROLUS

Bonn, Germany

ON NOVEMBER 3, 1950, the Soviet Union sent its war-time allies a diplomatic note calling for a Big Four conference; on the agenda was a peace treaty with Germany. Moscow laid down two cardinal conditions for this treaty: permanent demilitarization of Germany, and renunciation of the Atlantic defense pact. Failure to agree on these two points brought the rupture of the subsequent Paris negotiations.

On March 10 the Western powers again were the recipients of a note from the East calling for a four-power conference on the question of a peace treaty with Germany. But this time the conditions were different: first, a unified, free Germany was to be permitted a national army for defense purposes; second, this armed and unified Germany was to be prohibited from joining a military alliance directed against any nation that fought Germany during World War II. The phrasing was different but the Soviet aim remained unchanged: to prevent Germany's participation in NATO.

What was the West's answer to Soviet Russia's main conditions? Like the U. S. S. R., the Western powers affirm their desire to see a free and unified Germany cre-

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ated even before a peace treaty is concluded. But in sharp opposition to Moscow, they regard a German national army as a step away from peace. In Western eyes a reconstituted German army would herald the rebirth of German militarism and constitute a threat to the envisioned European defense community, set up to deter aggression and maintain peace. On the issue of NATO, the West says, in direct contradiction to Moscow, that a unified Germany must have the right, before or after conclusion of a peace treaty, to join any grouping that adheres to the principles of the United Nations.

How does the average German react to this question-and-answer game between East and West?

Germany's man-in-the-street derides the obvious dishonesty, the blatant hypocrisy of both notes. Hard hit in war and post-war days, he shudders at the deadly game played by East and West with himself as the pawn and world peace in the balance. He opposes a new militarism, no matter how disguised. He doesn't want to see new barracks and war ministries no matter what they are called or what flags flutter from their rooftops. He will do anything rather than have Germany become another Korea.

The day before the Soviet note of March 10, the West German Communists' propaganda against Western defense plans still had a chance. The day after the note, the selfsame Communists were the laughingstock of all Germany. For Moscow's sudden concession to German militarist pride came as a shocking reversal after its record of intense opposition to militarization. West Germany's Communists are no longer a political factor. They have become a sacrificial offering of Moscow and few people doubt that the same fate awaits the Communist-run East German Socialist Unity Party should Moscow's tactics demand a compromise with the West. A unified Germany and a single German government can be obtained only through free, all-German elections, and free elections mean the end of the Socialist Unity Party.

But apart from the effect of the Soviet policy reversal on both German and French Communists, it cannot be denied that many Germans see in the Soviet note a chance for peaceful unification. They regard it as a significant development that could point the way to Germany's neutralization on the Swiss or Swedish model.

In view of this attitude, the West's negative answer caused widespread disappointment. West Germany's most notable political journal, the Frankfurter *Allgemeine Zeitung*, mirrors public opinion in its March 29 comment: "Germany must obligate itself not to enter into military alliances; this indeed is a Russian bull's-eye. . . . Western diplomacy has failed in its answer by not dealing adequately with this decisive proposal. Was it correct to close the door precisely here? The Western note seems to have been written by a military rather than a diplomatic pen."

A publication as pro-Western in its estimates of the German situation as the Swiss *National Zeitung* in Basel had this to say on the Western note: "The answer of the West did not turn out as hoped and expected by the majority of the German people and even perhaps of the Cabinet in Bonn. This is obvious in the reactions of the West German press. One gets the impression that the Western note is tantamount to a rejection of the Russian proposals."

IT WAS not only the press and the people who were disappointed at the West's answer. Federal Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was hard put to heal rifts within his government and the conservative ruling parties. He finally managed to do so in a dramatic parliamentary debate only because the bourgeois parties were held together by their class interest against concerted attacks of the Social Democratic opposition. The threat of a future all-German government under Social Democratic leadership was enough to overrule the better judgment of Adenauer's rebellious adherents. The Socialist opposition this time had a well-founded case; it asked for the resignation of State Secretary Walter Hallstein, who in Washington had labeled the Soviet note "uninteresting" and spoke of the West's integration of Europe "all the way to the Urals." Although the Chancellor in open session reprimanded his first lieutenant for "erroneous verbal thrusts," he backed his general position. And what else could he do? After all, only a few days after Hallstein's appearance in Washington Adenauer himself said that Germany had a mission to perform in the "renaissance of Eastern Europe."

The foreign-policy debate forced by the Social Democrats was marked by eloquent appeals to Adenauer, the government parties, and the Western powers. The Big Four conference proposed by Moscow probably offers the last chance for German unity and world peace, opposition deputies urged. Don't slam the door in the face of the Soviet Union by any move toward rearmament and integration with the West; these are moves designed to kill Moscow's interest in further negotiations and concessions. Don't force the Soviet Union into a final *No*. Germany's status, they said, can be determined only by discussions between East and West.

But Adenauer wants to see remilitarization and Western integration a *fait accompli*, for he believes that German unity can be obtained only through Western strength. In his eyes, peace depends on the deployment of NATO troops along the Elbe River.

When a second Soviet note was delivered a fortnight ago, again opening the way to all-German elections under four-power supervision, Adenauer's reaction was, in effect: We must act even faster now. He was referring to negotiations that are proceeding with the three Western High Commissioners on a contractual agreement which

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is to replace the current occupation statute. Talks on the new agreement are being rushed almost frantically. Western Germany has to be "integrated" with the West and a military alliance safely concluded before the current East-West question-and-answer game is completed.

An authoritarian regime like that of Bonn is not concerned with what the majority thinks. Bonn does not care what the people are saying about rearmament; it is not troubled by its lack of a parliamentary majority on the integration issue. The Chancellor and his clique govern with the consent and backing of the High Commissioners. Therein lies their future, therein the source of their power. From the Petersberg—official residence of the High Commissioners—flow their profits and privileges. They are not likely to offend the Western guarantors of their preeminence.

Even the conservative Catholic organ *Süddeutsche Zeitung* wrote on April 4:

> Chancellor Adenauer was never before as Western in his views, as self-assured and certain of victory as he is now in his determined pursuit of the goal of integration for the federal republic. Because of this, his statements on the desirability of German unification can be dismissed as nothing more than tactical moves. . . . His main worry is not even the possible reaction of the German public—he is concerned only with the result of the coming elections for the Presidency of the United States. His dominant thought: Eisenhower.

The Swiss also are uneasy. The *National Zeitung* warns:

> The Western answer to the Soviet note shows clearly that the West rejects armed or unarmed neutrality for a unified Germany. The note insists that a reunited Germany must have free choice to join groupings like the European army and the Atlantic pact. The Western powers are thus demanding an unconditional Soviet surrender on the question of Germany.

Strife in the Textile Union

BY RALPH LOWENSTEIN

WHEN delegates to the biennial convention of the Textile Workers Union of America (C. I. O.) meet in Cleveland on April 28, they will have an opportunity to vote an end to one of the longest, but least clearly defined, struggles for power ever to plague an American labor union. The T. W. U. A., still reeling from the effects of the unsuccessful strikes in Southern factories last year, has been riven by the prolonged fight between its own top administrators.

Just what are the issues that divide its president, Emil Rieve, and its executive vice-president, George Baldanzi? Both men are avowed anti-Communists; both have held their present positions since 1939; and both have been on the C. I. O.'s Executive Board for the past thirteen years.

Baldanzi, a former Pennsylvania coal miner and union organizer, says he is trying to bring "democratization" to a union that too long has been under the "dictatorial" thumb of Rieve and his "hand-picked" twenty-man Executive Council. Rieve partisans, however, charge that Baldanzi is a "lone wolf" who has always made his own decisions without consulting Rieve or the council. They further contend that Baldanzi's attacks, coming at a time when thousands of Southern union members are working without contracts, sabotage unity in the T. W. U. A.

If "democracy" is Baldanzi's main cause for attacking the union administration, he has some further explaining to do. He did not urge democracy until after his open split with Rieve had developed. Previously he had favored a strongly centralized union.

Probably the issue of democracy is an effect rather than a cause of Baldanzi's clash with Rieve. "Democratization," for the executive vice-president, is another word for decentralization. In a union where the power is stacked against him, decentralization is the most important issue that Baldanzi can raise. Not only is "democracy" an effective fighting slogan, but decentralization would ensure the jobs of the officials who support Baldanzi.

The T. W. U. A. is highly centralized. Unlike most of the C. I. O.'s international unions, its three top executives and twenty vice-presidents, who compose the Executive Council, are elected by delegates to the biennial conventions, not by popular vote of the rank and file. The vice-presidents serve without pay, but most of them have been appointed by Rieve to union jobs as regional, state or industry directors. Therefore, Rieve can relieve any member of the Executive Council from his wage-earning post, although he cannot dismiss him from his elected position on the council. This is the ground for Baldanzi's charge that the council is "hand-picked."

Rieve claims that centralization is necessary to organize efficiently the more than 500,000 unorganized textile workers in the South. If the T. W. U. A. could add these

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to its present membership of more than 400,000, it could rival the C. I. O.'s giant United Auto Workers and United Steelworkers in size and power.

Some explain the Rieve-Baldanzi split as a struggle between youth and age (Baldanzi is forty-five; Rieve is fifty-nine) for leadership of the T. W. U. A., but many high union officials say that a rift between men of their temperaments was inevitable. Both Rieve and Baldanzi are strong personalities. Rieve is the in-fighter, the man who, as union president, can pull the influential strings; Baldanzi is the emotional platform speaker who can sway the crowd.

Since the union's 1950 convention in Boston, where their smoldering conflict burst into flame, the two men have been at loggerheads. At Boston, Rieve publicly supported Baldanzi's rival for the position of executive vice-president. In the four-hour debate that preceded the secret balloting, Rieve and Baldanzi supporters hurled accusations at one another. Rieve bluntly told the 2,000 delegates that he could no longer work with his executive vice-president. William Pollock, secretary-treasurer, and fourteen members of the Executive Council sided with Rieve. Baldanzi told the delegates that if he were reelected a new unity in the T. W. U. A.'s administration would be achieved because it would be the wish of the membership.

The delegates reelected Baldanzi by a ten-to-seven ratio, Rieve by a unanimous vote.

After the election, the two leaders promised to try to work together and "reestablish the team." Their efforts were short-lived. Within a few months an irrevocable split developed. Rieve, Pollock, and sixteen vice-presidents were lined up on one side; Baldanzi and the other four council members were on the other. The conflict was further high-lighted in March, 1951, when Rieve fired Samuel Baron, the T. W. U. A.'s Canadian director and one of Baldanzi's chief supporters.

Rieve charged the Canadian director with attacking the union administration in the press at a moment when crucial contract negotiations were under way. Baldanzi, supporting Baron, counter-charged that Rieve was "purging" the union of Baldanzi supporters.

Last July, 400 Baldanzi followers held a two-day convention in New York City and pledged more than $100,000 to finance their revolt against Rieve and to make the T. W. U. A. more "democratic." The caucus set up a seventy-man committee, called the "Pre-Convention Committee for a Democratic T. W. U. A.," and established a five-man steering committee headed by Baldanzi.

In line with Baldanzi's call for democratization, the caucus demanded that (1) the Executive Council be made the supreme governing body of the union in fact as well as theory, and (2) all representatives be elected by the membership. Since July both sides have been consolidating their forces for an all-out fight at Cleveland.

The major piece of legislation to come before the convention delegates is a constitutional amendment subjecting state and area directors, who will continue to be appointed by the president, to biennial votes of "disapproval" by the membership in their districts.

Although this is essentially the same amendment that Baldanzi proposed at the 1950 convention, he now opposes it on the ground that the "situation has changed." The Baldanzi group advocates, instead, the election of local, state, and regional directors by secret ballot of the district membership—a proposal that the Executive Council previously rejected.

Even though both men draw support from all geographical sections of the textile industry, the fact that Baldanzi has a powerful following in the South indicates that their differences may go beyond personalities. Baldanzi's long experience as an organizational director in the South explains some of his support there. Many Southern union officials say that Rieve, accustomed to dealing with situations among more experienced labor in the North, has never understood the peculiar problems of organization and negotiation in the large Southern factories.

Despite the fact that Baldanzi approved of the union's decision to strike the Southern mills, Southern officials tend to blame Rieve for the reversals the T. W. U. A. suffered. (The timing was poor, for the workers struck when the mills had one of the largest inventories in their history.) They say that Rieve, realizing his power was waning in the South, took personal charge of the strike and did not call for Baldanzi's aid. Mill employers did not know many of the union negotiators that Rieve brought down and got along badly with them.

AS THE delegates set out for Cleveland, the big question mark is Baldanzi. Will he oppose Rieve for the presidency of the T. W. U. A.? Although he has committed himself to a fight against the Rieve forces, Baldanzi has never run for the top union position. Since a man can be a candidate for only one position, he would be taking an "all or nothing" gamble if he ran for the post.

Rieve's supporters hope he takes the risk. They are confident that the president, who has been elected by unanimous votes at all six union conventions, could defeat him.

If either antagonist wins a clear victory at the convention, officials on both sides believe that heads will roll in the ensuing union reorganization. If neither wins a decisive victory, the frustrating situation whereby chief administrators spend as much time in internecine warfare as on union duties will continue, and one of the great unions of the country—and the labor movement as a whole—will suffer thereby.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Heat without Light

BLOOD, OIL, AND SAND. By Ray Brock. The World Publishing Company. $3.50.

THE dramatic collapse of British hegemony in the Middle East and the spread of the solvent of Arab nationalism to the French-controlled territories of the southern Mediterranean littoral have posed problems for American policymakers every whit as cogent as those of the Far East. The scope and complexity of American political, economic, and military involvement in the area have increased to the point of requiring an urgent but clear and cool-headed appraisal of American interests, which often parallel but sometimes conflict with those of other external powers longer established in the region.

New American bases projected or already in existence from Morocco to Saudi Arabia, an American battle-fleet in the Levant, American military aid to Turkey, American support for the establishment of Israel, American Point Four missions, American intervention in the British-Iranian oil dispute, all conspicuously illustrate a piecemeal and erratic entry forced by events into this crucial center of affairs. Many of these measures, seemingly unplanned and incoherent, spring from the general policy of containment of the Soviet Union by strategic and economic means. A conflict between contradictory military and civilian policies is in the making and is likely to become acute. How far can the United States go in support of Arab nationalism, say in Tunis, without undermining French confidence? Which is to have priority—the military build-up or the creation of social and economic conditions which will effectively bar the road to Communist expansion?

The rapid growth of American commitments in Western Europe and Eastern Asia has led to a natural reluctance to undertake initiatives in other quarters. Winston Churchill's appeal for the dispatch of token American forces to Suez had a chilly reception in Washington last January. But in the absence of a sustained and consistent American policy in the Middle East the chances are that further initiatives will be undertaken as events dictate them.

At the present time a reasoned, dispassionate survey and critique of American interests in the Middle East would be an invaluable contribution toward the formulation of a national policy for the region. Unhappily Mr. Brock, in other respects an experienced foreign correspondent who knows the Middle East at first-hand, brings little clarity to his subject. "Blood, Oil, and Sand" is a heated and lurid oversize pamphlet that hastily scans the Middle East and the Moslem world with a lengthy excursion into the Balkans in general and Yugoslavia in particular.

Mr. Brock has for long been deeply emotionally involved in the fate of Mihailovich, whom the Allies jettisoned during the war in favor of Tito and his partisans. It is highly questionable whether this ample digression has any bearing at all on the problems of the Middle East which the author attempts to appraise. For Mr. Brock Mihailovich is Europe's Chiang Kai-shek, betrayed and abandoned by his former allies. The parallel will convey some idea of the tone and temper of his book.

"Blood, Oil, and Sand" is a notable example of the literature of Armageddon which in its current form often makes the outside world wonder where their nightmares are likely to lead some American publicists. Its apocalyptic theme is the inevitability of war with Russia in the Middle East timed to break out more likely than not during 1952. "War with Russia," Mr. Brock observes in one of his gloomiest passages, "is the ineluctable fate of the West, now that United States power and influence in the Middle East have been so seriously undermined."

"Harp Gelorum?" ("Is war coming?") a group of trusting Turkish laborers asked their pessimistic foreign visitor during his stay in Ankara. Mr. Brock nodded slowly, which is about the only thing he does at that pace in the course of his helter-skelter travels. At times the speed of his journey and writing leads him into some strange bypaths. He aspirates a former British proconsul in Egypt as "Ghorst," pre-dates the Islamic invasion of India to 200 B. C., only 800-odd years before the rise of the Prophet, and, most curious blunder of all, which seriously undermines the reader's faith in his claim to be regarded as an "expert" on his subject, refers to Mohammed Zahir Shah as "Pakistan's king." The Afghans may have something to say about that.

After illiteracies of this kind it is difficult to take Mr. Brock seriously. The steps he envisages for a clarification of American foreign policy as the result of review by a joint Congressional subcommittee ("Subcommittee of what?" the reader sighs) are thoroughly and perhaps purposely confused. Mr. Brock asks for an examination of "the issue of Palestine," "American intrusion in and mishandling of the Iranian oil crisis," "the open scandal of continued arms and financial disbursements to the Communist regime of Marshal Tito," "a prompt investigation of the USIS" (United States Information Services). Mr. Brock does not indicate whether any of these investigations could be adequately concluded before the war, which he appears to anticipate with Cassandra-like relish, breaks out.

Mr. Brock finds no shortage of windmills at which to tilt. They include "pressure groups, lobbies, and special interests, at home and abroad" like "Zionist organizations, the Arab League, oil companies, Bulgarian and Croatian irredentists" (!) and naturally the long-suffering State Department. In the Middle East everyone is out of step except Mr. Brock. JACK WINOCOUR

The Complete Actor

HENRY IRVING: THE ACTOR AND HIS WORLD. By His Grandson Laurence Irving. The Macmillan Company. $10.

IN AN amiable mood Dr. Johnson once maintained that, all things considered, David Garrick was a remarkably modest man. Most celebrities "have their applause at a distance; but Garrick had it dashed in his face, sounded in his ears,

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and went home every night with the plaudits of a thousand in his cranium." The penalty of course is that no actor can be really famous after his death and that what he leaves behind him is, at best, merely a legend. For all we can know, Garrick might seem ridiculous to us; it is hard to imagine that Salvini would not have seemed absurd playing Othello with a mustache; and though there are many who at least think that they remember what Irving was like, even they, accustomed by now to different methods, might get a shock if they saw him. I would give a good deal to hear Nell Gwyn delivering an epilogue by Dryden but I am not sure that I would think her especially good.

Here nevertheless is pretty much all that remains of Henry Irving, collected by his grandson into an extremely solid and able book of more than seven hundred pages. Here are the facts; here are the opinions, favorable and unfavorable, of his contemporaries; here are the photographs which show how he dressed and stood. According to the author, there also survives a single wax phonograph cylinder from which the ghost of a voice can still be coaxed, but it would probably not tell much since even the best modern discs give a very inadequate idea of what an actor on the stage is like. From the book we can learn *that* Irving acted and was famous; we can get very little idea *why* he was famous or whether, by our standards, he ought to have been. This is not to say that the book is not very interesting to read. It is. But inevitably it is an account of a reputation not of an achievement.

Unlike Garrick, Irving did not gain the heights at a single leap and stay there unchallenged through a long career. But like Garrick he seems to have been born only to be an actor and his career followed a standard pattern. Born John Brodribb—no wonder he changed his name—he had the usual strict non-conformist parents, the usual brief education, and the usual youthful love for declamation. As an adolescent he was put as clerk into the office of a firm of East India merchants, found time to take lessons in elocution, and saved enough from his salary to patronize that odd Victorian institution familiar to readers of Dickens, the public theater where amateurs paid for the privilege of acting roles—so much for Hamlet, a good deal less for Laertes, etc. By the time he reached eighteen he had a job in a provincial company, in due time made his London debut, in due time became his own manager, in due time found in Ellen Terry his perfect leading lady, in due time became the official interpreter of The Bard, and in due time also reached that ultimate goal of the English actor, a knighthood. These seven ages of the player are as typical as the seven ages of man and Irving interpreted each role with classic propriety.

Even in his heyday there were some dissenters. A few thought his pronunciation affected, his postures too actory. A few commented unfavorably on his obvious delight in melodrama and his great success in "The Bells" and "Eugene Aram." Mr. Ruskin embarrassingly insisted upon protesting to the public that his approval of Irving's Shylock was not as unqualified as it had been made to appear. But these dissenting voices were not important and it was only after he had lived into a new age that his claim to greatness was seriously questioned. The dreadful shadow of Ibsen and Ibsenism fell upon him. Irving, his methods, and the plays he acted in were perfect targets for the impudence of Shaw and all the proponents of the New Drama and the New Theater. Understandably enough the eminent survivor from a past age wrote Shaw a letter which said in effect, will you please lay off me? And to add insult to injury, Shaw was at the same time undermining him with Ellen Terry. At this distance we can perhaps say that what Shaw stood for was not as wholly right or what Irving stood for as wholly wrong as the advanced thinkers thought. But their day was coming and his was passing.

In a sense the present biography—which is certainly one of the most thorough and balanced ever written of an actor—is also unpretentious since it makes no attempt to be "brilliant," but its very thoroughness and competence emphasize the fact that its subject seems to have been completely undistinguished and uninteresting except as an actor. Like many eminent in his profession he was not much concerned with anything except that profession and was without other intellectual interests. In his early days he liked smoking and drinking and eating with other professionals. He was not very happily married and women seem to have played little part in his life. Once he had got above the lowest rungs of his ladder his chief ambition outside the theater seems to have been to become an Eminent Victorian—to know other famous men, to be elected to the right clubs, to be accepted into that Good Society to which in that day only the greatest and most indubitably respectable actors could possibly aspire. Ellen Terry had more than a touch of the bohemian in her character; Irving was careful to do nothing which could

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raise an eyebrow. Two caricatures by Max Beerbohm are titled, respectively, "Henry Irving: Man of Distinction" and "Bernard Shaw: Man of Destiny" and that no doubt hit the nail on the head. If, as seems to be the case, this biography really gives a complete portrait one can only say that Irving hardly had a personality. What he did have was a career.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

Masefield Looks Back

SO LONG TO LEARN. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $3.

IT SHOULD be made clear at the outset that, in "So Long to Learn," Mr. Masefield has not concerned himself much with the purely physical events of his life, dealt with in other books, but rather with the emotional effect of some of these experiences as well as with the impact of various personalities upon his own poetic development. The English Poet Laureate has ripened mellowly, like a fine Worcestershire apple, and there is enough of a bite left in the flavor of the juice to make the taste a memorable one. One could never accuse him of resembling one of these glowing red Washington State apples which turns out to be stuffed with pink and cloying cotton-wadding. While he displays rather a surprising tolerance of his juniors, born perhaps of an inner conviction of his own essential rightness, he does not kowtow as if seeking their plaudits. Bluntly, he claims, "It is not possible to persuade the living that the late Victorian time was in all intellectual ways immeasurably ahead of any time that has succeeded. Those who knew that time, know the truth about it, and are the first to admit its defects. Those who did not know the time seem incapable of perceiving anything else. . . . It would startle the young of today to know what enormous appetite for thought Victorian London shewed; what dozens of papers fostered delight in writing, what pages of comment upon thought came daily, what fervour this or that movement caused, what excellence was being achieved." This comes as a much needed reminder that the period was not all one of greenery-yallery young men walking down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in their medieval hands.

But "So Long to Learn" is much more than a mere reminder that we should be careful how we pigeonhole our literary history. Mr. Masefield casts his memory back nearly to the day when, almost seventy-four years ago, he was born in Herefordshire, and tries to recall the little things, as well as the large, which have gone to the making of a poet.

Intermingled with the memories of the world which must have appeared to him "apparelled in celestial light," and which are recaptured with a startling clarity, are the stories, of Roundheads and Cavaliers, of Robin Hood, and of St. Katherine Audley of Ledbury, which became a part of him and determined him to be a story-teller. After the legends passed by word of mouth there came the penny-dreadfuls and the more expensive, though not less bloodthirsty, serials, which led the boy and youth to Mallory and a copy of the Welsh "Mabinogion," from which he took the Triad which helped him as a kind of motto: "The three foundations of judgment:—Bold Design, Constant Practice, and Frequent Mistakes." Then, in contact with his contemporaries and elders, we get a smattering of memories, not of the personal or physical impact of such a writer as W. B. Yeats but of his effect upon an impressionable young man. Mr. Masefield remains throughout stressful of the fact that poetry makes its greatest impression when read, and the recent success of such a poet as Dylan Thomas in this country would seem to show that the great public bears him out.

Whatever one's opinion of the poems of John Masefield, it cannot be denied that his book is an important document of the process that goes to turn a small boy, interested in stories and the world around him, into a poet and spinner of stories. Nor can the book fail to deserve its place on the shelf alongside the more treasured autobiographies of our time, such as W. Graham Robertson's "Those Were the Days," as a picture of a man whom one would like to have known, to have watched develop.

RUTHVEN TODD

Books in Brief

LAUGHING TO KEEP FROM CRYING. By Langston Hughes. Holt. $2.75. When Mr. Hughes is good, he is very very good, and when he is bad he is either insincere or superficial. Both extremes are represented in his latest collection of stories and sketches about Negro life, ranging from Shanghai to Havana. At his best, Mr. Hughes manages the nice feat of dragging out into the open a number of unpleasant truths about racial discrimination and presenting them in a playful and extremely engaging manner.

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NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES. By Susan Yorke. Harcourt, Brace. $3. With her second novel Susan Yorke succeeds beyond all expectations in dissipating the favorable impression created by her first, "The Widow." This one tells the story of an incredible cad as he is seen by three women, his sister and two of his many mistresses. They are fascinated by his life, particularly by his rutting in Argentinian high society, and so is the author, for reasons that are never made clear—but it is hardly likely that many readers will be.

THE TUNNEL. By Eric Williams. Coward-McCann. $3. In "The Wooden Horse" Eric Williams described the escape of two English officers from a German prison camp. In "The Tunnel" he recounts their preceding experiences as prisoners of war. The author has a knack for lively, vivid narrative but the material of the new book is of a much lower order of interest, dealing, as it does, with the everyday life of a prison camp, whereas its predecessor told the success story of a single episode which had the unity and tension of a first-rate thriller.

Films

MANNY FARBER

MY LIST of top pictures made in the last five years ("Red River," "He Walks by Night," "Act of Violence") has now been expanded to include a titleless documentary of street life in Spanish Harlem, shot entirely with a 16-millimeter sneak camera by Janice Loeb, Helen Levitt, and James Agee. The technique of documenting life in the raw with a concealed camera has often been tried out, in Hollywood and in experimental films, but never with much success until this small masterwork turned up. One problem was finding a camera either small enough to be hidden or made in such a way that it could be focused directly on the scene without being held to the operator's eye. The "Film Documents" group used an old model Cine-Kodak which records the action at a right angle to the operator who gazes into his scene-finder much as was done with the old-fashioned "Brownie." The people who wound up in this movie probably thought the camera-wielder was a stray citizen having trouble with the lock of a small black case that could contain anything from a piccolo to a tiny machine gun. For dramatic action, the film deals with one of the toughest slum areas extant: an uptown neighborhood where the adults look like badly repaired Humpty Dumpties who have lived a thousand years in some subway restroom, and where the kids have a wild gypsy charm and evidently spend most of their day savagely spoofing the dress and manners of their elders. The movie, to be shown around the 16-millimeter circuit, has been beautifully edited (by Miss Levitt) into a somber study of the American figure, from childhood to old age, growing stiffer, uglier, and lonelier with the passage of years.

Let me say that changing one's identity and acting like a spy, or a private eye, are more a part of the American make-up than I'd ever imagined before seeing this picture. This not only holds for Levitt, Inc., who had to disguise their role of film-makers to get the naked truth, but also goes for the slum people who are being photographed. The film is mostly concerned with kids who are trying to lose themselves in fake adultness by wearing their parents' clothes and aping grown-ups' expressions; even the comparatively few adults (at a war-time bond rally) go in for disguises—Legionnaire uniforms, etc.—and seem afraid to be themselves. The chief sensation is of people zestfully involved in making themselves ugly and surrealistic, as though everything Goya's lithographs indicated about the human race had come true. This mood is established right off in a wonderful shot of a Negro tot mashing her tongue and face out of shape against a windowpane. This private bit of facemaking is followed soon by a shot of a fat man leaping up and down and chortling with glee at the sight of a neighborhood kid carrying another one on his shoulders, solemnly impersonating a new two-bodied grown-up. And this scene gives way to a macabre game of gypsy kids making like maniacs by clubbing each other with flour-filled stockings swiped from their mudders.

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rector should study this picture if he wants to see really stealthy, queer-looking, odd-acting, foreboding people. Even the kids, whose antics make their elders look like a lost tribe of frozen zombies, act a bit like spies from the underground. Enigmatic and distrustful, a small boy watches the little colored girl (mentioned above) smear her features on the window; an older smart-alecky one slyly bats a flour stocking against the back of a teen-aged princess—the Mary Pickford of the neighborhood—carefully watching her every move to see if she's getting erotically excited. It is this very watchfulness which makes one part of the picture so brilliant: these kids must jeweler's-eye everything, and when the camera man (Agee) reveals himself, the space in front of the camera fills up with every kid in the neighborhood staring at the now bared camera like one Huge Eye.

To see what these kids will be like when they grow up, all we have to do is look at the shots of their parents. The watchfulness of youth has now become a total preoccupation—an evil-faced pimp, a Grant Wood spinster, a blowsy Irish dame picking at her teeth, are all forever staring at the world as though it were a dangerous, puzzling place filled with hidden traps. The great American outdoors, once a wide-open prairie for adventurers, is here, in one shrunken pocket of New York City, a place of possible terror to people who spend their time looking at it with 100-per-cent distrust.

"High Noon." A deftly fouled-up Western, starring Gary Cooper as a disillusioned marshal enforcing law and order in Hadleyville where everyone else is happily barricaded within his own avarice and cowardice. Carl Foreman's attempt to do an original cowboy script consists in starting the story at 10:40 a.m., ending it just after noon, and limiting the dramatic action to one situation: Gary Cooper walking silently and alone down the deserted streets looking for volunteer deputies. The contrived result: a movie which does take you into every part of the town and features Cooper's beautiful rolling gait, but which reveals that someone spent too much time over the drawing board conceiving dramatic camera shots to cover up the lack of story. Moral: the Kramer gang ("Champion," "The Men") is making too many films for its own good.

"The Marrying Kind." The story behind a sad little divorce suit told by the cut-back method, with the director (Cukor) using a sneak camera without putting any heart or belief into it. Cukor is a fine technician who has lately been imagining himself as an American Rossellini. The actors make Anna Magnani seem soft-spoken and even-tempered. Every camera set-up indoors shows you a person in a bathrobe, brassière, or long underwear, poking his or her behind into the camera lens to prove that this is a candid movie. And there is the uncomfortable spectacle of Judy Holliday, a cautious and intelligent highbrow, squeezing herself into the dumb role of a Bronx *yenta*.

"The Fighter." Herbert Kline's romantic fight drama about an unpolished Mexican bolo-puncher, who earns five dollars a day as a sparring partner and works feverishly at night for the revolutionary cause of Zapata and Villa. An inexpert mixture of politics and hokum, set in the Rio Grande towns of 1910, which look as unreal as the backdrops on the old Keith circuit. Conte, the silky Italian star of bare-chest films, is a Mexican fizzle.

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

THE New York City Opera Company, which has repeatedly undertaken to produce works that one would have thought beyond its resources and powers and has carried them off with sufficient, even when not complete, success, has now achieved its most remarkable feat of that kind with Alban Berg's "Wozzeck." After the performance I could agree with Virgil Thomson about the inadequacy of the single set and the inconsistency of the naturalistic staging with the expressionistic music; but during the performance I was not aware of

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them. Scenery and stage direction have been the weaknesses of almost all the City Center opera productions; by now I treat them as mere token frameworks on which are hung the musical performances that are usually very good; and in this instance too it was the performance of the formidable score that was the remarkable achievement. It was not a performance of the caliber and force of the New York Philharmonic's a year ago, and it was not without flaws—such as the excessive volume of sound that Rosenstock produced with the orchestra, which often made it impossible to hear the singers; or Patricia Neway's forced and strident high notes. But Marko Rothmüller's singing was effective, even without the beauty and varied expressive coloring of Mack Harrell's a year ago; the other singers were good; the orchestra had the competence required by its difficult task; and Rosenstock too proved able to produce a performance in which the music had a compelling expressive power undiminished for me by what I saw on the stage.

The other new opera produced by the company was Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors." The mail has just brought me a sumptuous brochure from N. B. C. about the television premiere of the work, in which I read quotations not only of Toscanini telling Menotti "I think it is the best opera you have ever done," but of experts like Philip Hamburger writing "Musically, 'Amahl' struck me as being Menotti's finest work," and John Crosby pronouncing Menotti "a magnificent composer" and speaking of the "rare melodic sweetness" of the music—to say nothing of some gaudier products of other professional word-slingers. After all this dare I say that I listened to "Amahl," as I have listened to Menotti's other operas, with incredulous amazement—finding it difficult to believe I was really hearing these sugary, trashy tunes, that they could even have occurred to anyone operating as a serious composer today, that he could not have been too embarrassed by the mere thought of them to let anyone else hear them, and that other people could have considered them worth publishing to the world. At one time I would have felt the same incredulous amazement as I read the critical estimates I have quoted; but now I think I can account for them: once again Menotti has used a dramatic idea whose development has so powerfully engaged the interest and emotions of his audience as to mislead even its professional members into thinking their interest and emotions were being powerfully engaged by the music. Moreover, his dramatic gifts don't stop with choice of subject, but extend to every detail of staging—which is to say that the audience's emotions have been engaged, and its musical judgment confused, by young Chet Allen. But one would expect the professional's ear to be proof again this sleight-of-hand.

Two friends have expressed to me their anger at the misrepresentation of the Sadler's Wells Theater Ballet to the American public; and one of them told me of seeing people walk out after the first piece and others besides himself and his family leave after the second; but my own depressing experience at the three performances I attended was to see everything, good and bad, indiscriminately applauded and cheered—from which I conclude that most of the American public didn't even know it had been fooled. The fact nevertheless is that this company is not even comparable in competence or achievement with the one that was here before, and that one wouldn't suspect from looking at it that it had even been trained in the same school. The leading dancers have a lot of raw technique which they haven't yet learned to use with the elegance that was the outstanding characteristic of the older company; some of the lesser dancers and the corps haven't even sufficient technique; and all this makes for poor performance of classical ballets. Elaine Fifield, for example, is a vivacious, pert soubrette who can carry off the lively episodes of "Coppelia" successfully, but can do nothing in the great adagios beyond executing the movements; and her performance in "Swan Lake," together with the insipid choreography and the lifeless dancing of the corps, made this unquestionably the worst in my experience.

What the company danced well was its modern ballets; and of those I saw I liked best some early works of Frederick Ashton—the simple "Capriol Suite" (1930), the more richly textured "Rendezvous" (1933), and his comic masterpiece, "Façade" (1931). His divertissements to music of Act 2 of "The Nutcracker"—with the exception of the amusing Chinese dance—I cared less for. As for John Cranko, I liked best his comedy "Pineapple Poll," and least his compulsion to daring explicitness. As April."

This is a convenient point at which to speak briefly of the remaining two new works presented by the New York City Ballet. Ashton's "Picnic at Tintagel" I found uninteresting in invention except for a few details—the movements of the caretaker (Robert Barnett), the exquisite first part of the pas de deux of the lovers (Diana Adams and Jacques d'Amboise), before Ashton yields to his compulsion to daring explicitness. As for Tudor's "La Gloire," if even John Martin found it "impossible to report very happily upon it," I can dispense with comment altogether.

CONTRIBUTORS

JACK WINOCOUR has spent much time in the Middle East as a correspondent of various London newspapers and magazines. He has also contributed articles to a number of American magazines.

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RUTHVEN TODD is the author of "Tracks in the Snow. Studies in English Science and Art" and other books.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Was It a Witch Hunt . . .

Dear Sirs: Since you devoted so much space in the February 9 *Nation* to Mary Mostert's emotional account of the Memphis "witch hunt" against the Distributive, Processing, and Office Workers' Union, will you devote a little more to a few unadorned facts?

1. The D. P. O. was formed in October, 1950, through the fusion of the Food, Tobacco, and Agricultural Workers' Union and the United Office and Professional Workers' Union, both expelled from the C. I. O. for following the Communist Party line, with a number of New York department-store locals which seceded from the C. I. O.'s Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union in 1948.

2. The head of the old F. T. A., now active in the D. P. O., is Donald Henderson, a long-time Communist who publicly resigned from the party on August 13, 1949, in order to comply with the Taft-Hartley law.

3. The leaders of the old department-store locals and now of the D. P. O. are Arthur Osman, president, and David Livingston, vice-president. On March 1, 1941, during the Hitler-Stalin pact, Osman wrote in the magazine *New Voices* that "President Roosevelt . . . is now sending your sons to war"; the following July 29, after Russia had been invaded, he did an about-face and exhorted the union's members to be "ready to lay down their lives so that Hitler . . . will be crushed." Livingston, according to the *Daily Worker* of October 18, 1943, was chairman of the meeting at which the Young Communist League reorganized as American Youth for Democracy. . . .

I think these facts suggest that the Memphis hearings may not have been so much of a "witch hunt" after all.

New York LAWRENCE SMITH

. . . Or Wasn't It?

Dear Sirs: I'm afraid Mr. Smith missed the point of my letter, which was not to prove that the D. P. O. was not Communist-dominated but simply to draw attention to the fact that the committee was denying the D. P. O. a fair and impartial hearing. Witnesses were denied legal counsel, and Negro witnesses were insulted. Senator Eastland made the hearings into a sounding board for his preconceived ideas about the D. P. O.

The fact that 1,400 members of the D. P. O. were threatened with "indictment" was an obvious attempt to intimidate them. There was nothing to indict them for. Not once was anyone accused of breaking a law. Senator Eastland, at the end of the hearings, promised to seek laws curbing "groups like the D. P. O.," but even if he had carried out his threat, constitutional provisions against ex-post-facto laws would prevent prosecution of the D. P. O. for past activities.

Mr. Smith points out that the leaders of the D. P. O. asked its members to "lay down their lives" to stop Hitler after Russia entered the war. But what does this mean? Some people in this country changed their mind about Hitler's intentions after Poland was invaded, some after Czechoslovakia, some after Russia. It seems a bit ridiculous to condemn a man for a matter of timing.

It appears to me that since the D. P. O. won control of the two Memphis plants by a democratic, N. L. R. B.-controlled election, and since they were not accused of breaking any existing law, the hearings were, to say the least, a little silly. We may question the judgment of the 1,400 members of the D. P. O., but under a democratic system we have to accept it.

However, the important question is not the political affiliations of one small, relatively unimportant union but the precedent the Eastland subcommittee and others have been setting. In the hysterical times in which we live few of us realize the extent of the dictatorial power Congressional committees have assumed and the dangerous example they set. Once we allow Congress absolute power to "make or break" without regard for procedural safeguards, all our rights may be destroyed.

Memphis, Tenn. MARY MOSTERT

Douglas Headquarters

Dear Sirs: A committee is being formed in Massachusetts in connection with the nationwide movement to nominate Justice William O. Douglas for President on the Democratic ticket.

Nation readers who reside in Massachusetts and are interested in this project should communicate with the writer at 97 Elm Hill Avenue, Roxbury 21, Massachusetts.

ALLAN SIDD, Interim Coordinator
Roxbury

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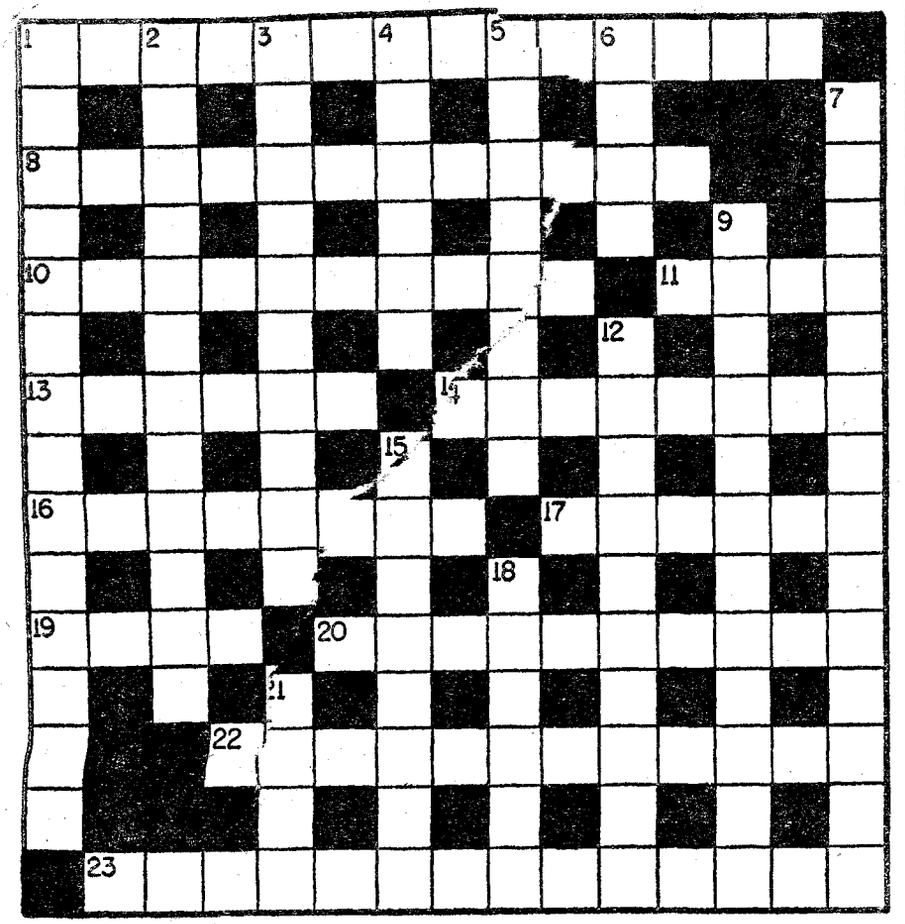
Crossword Puzzle No. 462

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The way the Caliphs got in, it seems as though it's checking swell. (14)
8 One can't say it isn't done! (4, 8)
10 Threateningly. (10)
11 Split character role? (4)
13 Such a sort of trip is bad for the soul. (6)
14 Necessary to make war, or can end it. (8)
16 With 22, a common name for copper. (8)
17 Nothing final with the sort of scene a rhapsodist might make. (6)
19 Are they on the track? Quite the opposite, but there's no winning with them. (4)
20 Apt assignment for a prospective Plebe. (2, 3, 5)
22 Physical disability found in the ruins of Rome? (6, 6)
23 Implying the letters match? (14)

DOWN

1 What Casanova might carry on in pompous style? (7, 2, 5)
2 Those who handled 1 down for Rome must arrive, it seems, out of sorts. (12)
3 Not fancy arguments in court. (10)
4 One might be coffee with 13; others keep the tongue under it. (6)
5 Mrs. Gable, found at table. (8)
6 Found at the bottom of the list. (4)
7 Toast after meat is, whether you like it or not. (1, 6, 2, 5)
9 What to expect in heaven, improperly divided, but his day ushers in 40 like it. (5, 7)
12 Without 13, perhaps (not necessarily breathless). (10)
15 One glass is enough for each of them! (8)
18 You might find this on turning to religion. (6)
21 Just light. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 461

ACROSS:—1 and 17 BETTER LATE THAN NEVER; 10 ESCORTS; 12 SHUTTERS; 14 SIT DOWN; 15 BASES; 19 IGNITER; 21 DATE PALM; 25 SLAVERS; 26 DECIDED; 27 LEAST SANDPIPER.

DOWN:—1 BANDWAGON; 2 TATTERS; 3 and 23 ESCALATOR CLAUSE; 4 LAST; 5 TREPHINING; 6 TACIT; 7 AIRLESS; 8 ASKS; 13 SOCIALISTS; 15 BOTTLE CAP; 16 SUSPENDER; 18 VITIATE; 20 ROUND-UP; 21 and 11 DISK WHEELS; 22 and 9 PRESS NOTICES; 24 ADEN.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.

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WHY I BELIEVE
all real liberals should be for TAFT

IN THE light of present events and changing comparative values how should we measure the stature of Robert A. Taft?

As a reader of *The Nation* for more than twenty-five years, and having been part of many liberal movements long before they found acceptance, I believe we should expand our perspective and reexamine the views of the present day Taft.

Much of the objection to Taft is an inheritance of former days for reasons which, by today's values, are petty and inapplicable. The opposition stems largely from unprincipled politicos, war mongers, and so-called labor leaders. They see the chaos their policies have created. In envy or in malice they have joined together to down a better man. First they say that Taft can't win. His wonderful showing in New Hampshire followed by his victories in other states show how weak their claim is. The results prove that Taft's vote is not a negative one, but an unswerving vote by a worried people. The results also deflate the Eisenhower myth of vote getting indispensability. By the way, what does Eisenhower stand for? Does anybody know? A man who has been in the military thirty years keeping his mouth shut and walking on eggs doesn't figure to change overnight into an able and courageous political leader. Some say he will blossom out after victory and will surprise us all. I truly hope that this will be the case, but let's be sensible. Why rely on a blind long shot in the Presidential derby when you can have a "man-of-war" running for you for the same price? Many who voted for Eisenhower in the primary are only carpet-bagger Republicans on loan from and will return to the Democratic fold in the fall, but the vote for Taft will stay Republican when it counts.

To vote for an Eisenhower or MacArthur or any all-out professional soldier flies in the face of American tradition. Staff-officer generals just cannot think of civilians in terms of equality, let alone superiority. Their ingrained extravagance and ignorance of the civilian is too much for a free people. Eisenhower himself decried the desirability of a military man for President, including himself. Although he is among the best of the lot, yet he figures to tighten the military noose around the neck of the American people. We often fail to see where we are going until after arrival, and then, it is too late. We are headed in the direction of making the military top dogs never to be unseated. Crisis, inflation, sacrifice, and war will become traditional to the American way of life, like apple pie. This condition is already here, with the possible exception that maybe Taft can stop and somewhat reverse the process. This to me is the main issue. There are other substantial issues, too, which Taft alone shows a willingness to tackle.

The Truth About the Taft-Hartley Law

The false hue and cry that Taft-Hartley is a slave-labor law is one of the big lies of all times. This act is the greatest boon to freedom since Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. I have heard many discussions of the act by liberals, politicians, and labor leaders. Not one, including Senator Douglas and Mr. Goldberg, Counsel for the C. I. O., analyzed the law in detail. The reason is they don't dare. The acts that result in slave labor today are unions with their closed shops, their jurisdictional strikes, their unreasonable secondary boycotts, their lack of democratic process, their strong-arm lifetime elections to office, their feather-bedding, their limiting the number of workers, their misuse of union funds, and their exemption of judicial review over many of their arbitrary acts. The heart of the Taft-Hartley law is the union shop and against the closed shop. All other parts are secondary. The union shop guarantees to everybody the right to work without fawning before or bribing a labor boss which unfortunately has been all too much the practice. There is something wrong with the law, and that is, it does not go far enough. It should also be extended to every bottleneck and restraint in business, the trades, and the professions. I have never heard a politician or liberal who had the nerve to state that the American people have no right to a job in any chosen field, and that the labor leaders had a right to say who works and where. Labor leaders want that right and would have it but for the Taft-Hartley Law. I speak with some special experience on the subject. For years I was a special attorney for the Chicago Federation of Labor and Labor's Radio Station WCFL when Ed Nockels was secretary and John Fitzpatrick was president. During this time I handled court litigation of considerable importance. I also represented labor before the Illinois Appellate Court. I volunteered my services for free because labor needed help. As it became rich, powerful, and arrogant, some leaders showed an increasing contempt for the worker and the American people. All labor leaders were not like that, but many dared not talk. There is more support among the rank and file of labor and in their intelligent leaders for this law than the ruling labor bureaucracy has awakened to.

Inflation is Confiscation Without Compensation

On the problem of inflation it is impossible to find language descriptive enough to fit the crime. Inflation has dealt a more mortal and lasting blow than did Pearl Harbor. Inflation is nothing but outright robbery. It is cannibalism in the economic field. It is a combination of aggressive and speculative elements to devour the aged, young, frugal, white-collared, and unorganized groups. If inflation to enrich and empower the speculator, the military, and the bureaucracy is right, then so were Hitler and Stalin who did the same. Those in this country who so gleefully join in robbing one group through inflation, will yet be the victims of being robbed in turn by other groups which are a-coming.

Taft has a respect for constitutional law. To some peace holds more terror than war, but not for Taft. He lacks the itch for war especially the illegal kind we now have. He would not treat the constitutional limitations as another scrap of paper. Taft does not figure to follow the primrose path of perpetual war for perpetual peace and prosperity resulting in perpetuity in office. I press his case on liberals because as a class they have no vested interest to foster. Historically, they were identified with the right and wrong by conviction. Liberals carry a tremendous influence. Today all too many are prisoners of their own prejudices, prior vested thoughts, and some new-found fat.

Taft stands out as the one most indispensable man, without a competitor on the American scene. These views are not political puffs; they are not the results of huckster exaggerations. I sincerely believe I understate the man's worth. Taft is not everything each one of us wants, but let's be rewarded, that in his honesty there is hope, in his frankness there is confidence, in his modesty there is comfort, in his native courage there is leadership and in peace there is life.

All comments from readers are of course welcomed.

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